

*The
Honeymoon
by
Percy W. Stanlow*



By Dr. W. H. Bellou.

and the artifacts and weapons found in their strange graves. The second question is unanswerable—as yet. They may have been victims of disease, withered skin an awful clue to the truth.

We know that this people must elaborate. They

placed them in a
dug in the floor
pot holes they had
and in them they
squatted, the boys
they covered their
feathers and some
placing beside the
arms, ornaments,
that the body was
woven baskets, re-
covered with sand
Owing to the heat
caverns the bodies
slowly dried.

"The flesh," was
pet of the Amer-
away until the skin
etow, leaving the
with ears, nose and
other fleshy parts
fect a condition as
life-like."

In one case we
ered body of a

against the side
hair still retained
coloring. The mu
even the centuries
her face and her
nation and sorrow
cave seven not he

WAS she the
haired American
It is not impos-
where living abo-
caverns, they su-
her body, even

And if this loneliness have

outside she must have thought that no other being like herself existed. Outside the cave were nothing but prowling beasts and perils. Someone has written that the

outside she must have thought that no other being like herself existed. Outside the cave were nothing but prowling beasts and perils. Someone has written that the most awful fear of all is the fear of being alone. How could a woman who would be to know one's self the last living person in the world and then to hear at one's door someone knocking. Anticipation of such terror this old woman of the red-haired Americans conceivably experienced, squatting there in her dark cavern alone.

The hundreds of crabs caught from the great numbers of fish and shellfish brought in have had to deal. No other known race has presented such perplexities. They were found while the workers were excavating the cliff dwellings which originally towered along almost the whole stretch of the canyon for fifty miles. Invariably, when they dug down to the cellars of the Cliff Dwellers, then, through the floors, they could not find any trace of the dead men filled up caves in which a mummy or several mummies were buried in artificial pot holes, covered with the most primitive basketry known. No pottery whatever was found with the remains. The only weapon found with them was an occasional atlatl, or stick-thrower or spear-

It was further noted that the skulls in the cages were long heads, while the skulls of the *C. m. maculosa* were more rounded.

Dr. Dwellers above were harassed by the police and caused anthropologists to defer decisive investigation in hopes of getting more information. The police, however, were late. By common consent of the Institute, however, the problem has been left to Mr. Hyde to solve, from the security of his office. It is doubtful if he will be able to point to a final solution without organizing another expedition and a further search of the whole gulch along its bottom. Such an expedition is certain to be formed and financed directly by the American Museum of Natural History. The Smithsonian Institution took up one phase of the problem which is regarded as conclusive. He was our first authority on basketball and at first the "Basket Manufacturers" were named "Basket Makers," but have since been taken out of that class because of the many names that have come in from almost the beginning. He noted that their bakery was of positively

the most primitive coiled type, as distinguished from the more modern woven type. In this he was supported by George H. Pepper. He wrote as follows in his great work on basketry, published by the Smithsonian Institution: "Their baskets were of the coiled type made of willow, the bottoms reinforced with heavy yucca cord border, finished with ordinary coiled stitch, but in some the last inch of

two was finished off with false braid or herringbone. The type in general is still in use by the Nutes (Paiutes), and Shoshones, and is seen in ordinary Japanese lunch baskets and baskets of Samoa and Straits of Magellan.

"The coreu type was that of the most ancient tribes of Egypt, made of palm leaf, excavated by Melver and Wilkin at El Armah, six miles south of the site of Abydos, middle Egypt. It is the oldest type in the world. El Armah dates back to the earliest "new race," through the entire middle period down to the late prehistoric of Egypt. It was the single type through 8,000 years, extending far up the Nile to Aden and into Hindustan. Long caravans took it into the heart of Africa, where it still per-

The presence of the wooden stick, or spear, and its slight killing power shows the red-haired people were completely isolated. No other human beings or tribes could have been near. Had they been they would have been forced to develop a primitive armament.

Dr. Cuyage H. Pepper, quoting Richard Weitherill, describes their home as follows: "Grange" nearly all the west of the Elk in the McComb or Hills, about 100 miles of territory, most tortuous whole Southwards from Niagara almost the or for fifty a head means rreaching cliff. Its white secure in men occur cliff

Gulch drains nearly all the territory southwest of the Elk Mountains, from the McComb Wash to the Clay Hills, a distance of 1,000 square miles of country. It is the most tortuous canyon in the whole Southwest, making bends from 500 to 600 yards apart almost the entire length, or for fifty miles, and each bend means a cave or overhanging cliff. All of those cliffs which have an exposure to the sun have been occupied either for cliff houses or

A Diagrammatic Illustration. Showing the Tombs of the Very Early, Lost Race, the Later Cliff Dwellers Long Families in the East.

Cliff
Were h
Bodies w
Hair
Basket T

"Ingress and egress is very difficult, there being not more than five or six places where even footmen can get into or out of the canyon. Water is fairly plentiful. Springs occur at very frequent intervals, running a short distance and sinking in the sand, perhaps to rise again lower down. Wherever there are slopes a sparse growth of piñon and cedar oc-

Cliff Dweller
the burial of
Basket Maker
his neighbor
husband, Mex
There were
the Basket Ma
to the rabbis
days to-day.

Position of
Beneath
Science.
Prehistoric
ling
Seven
ed, Wavy
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and the

This Is the Photograph of the Little Child of the Forgotten Race.

the bow and arrow; the twenty-two feet in rowing stick, the nearest of which is found in Chile in the form of the stillaloe, a species of the same genus of which is similar to the one used by the Hopi Indians.

Another interesting feature was the abacavos and the mummified bodies of the Basket Makers, which were made of baked clay, with the face of the mummy made of the same material.

The diameter, where skulls and mummies also found, long since filled with sand and debris.

The Basket Makers rank below mummies from Petcheco, Bolivia, excavated in the Lake Titicaca region, and the Basket Makers for the American Museum. These Bolivians made pottery, a step in advance of the Basket Makers. The next group of mummies were found by Dr. Charles W. Mead in the region west of the Peruvian Cordillera, also for the American Museum.

In the Earlier Prehistoric
Cliff Dwelling
Were Found Seven
Bodies with Red, Wavy
Hair Enclosed in
Basket Tombs and the
Body of a Child with Its
Back Rest. Above
Them Crouched a
Woman Believed to Be
the Last Representative
of Her Race, Because
She Was Left Unburied

Cliff Dweller used the bow and the burial caves is twenty-four. Basket Maker a throwing stick neighbor of which is found at Huastla, Mexico, in form of a bow. There were other implements of the Basket Maker, one of which is the rabbit stick used by the Indians to-day.

**This Is the Photograph of the
Little Child of the Forgotten Race.**

The Basket Makers rank below mummies from Pilechucu, Bolivia, excavated by the late Dr. Adolph F. Bandeller for the American Museum. These Bolivians made pottery, a step in advance of the Basket Makers. The next-highest type mummies were found by Dr. Charles W. Mead in the region west of the Peruvian Cordillera, also for the American Museum, also used for storing grain. The largest of

Queen England's Most Fascinating Beauty Blew Her Brains Out

Mrs. Atherton, Who Tasted All the Pleasures and Excesses of British Titled High Life, Finds Herself at Last with Nothing Worth While and Closes Her Spiritual Bankruptcy with Self-Murder

By One Who Knew Her.

WHY did the beautiful Mrs. Atherton, the most admired woman among the titled youth of England, commit suicide?

Some startling revelations were made at the inquest concerning the noted charmer's latest vagaries in love, but those who are familiar with her amazing career will recognize her end as only the logical sequel of the life she had led.

This voluptuous, red-tipped enchantress had exhausted every sensual joy of life. She had enjoyed everything and there remained nothing. With middle age approaching, the gray hairs growing more numerous in her wonderful hair, the lines deepening in her lovely face, the remainder of her life loomed before her as a barren desert of misery. No escape for the broken, disheartened sorceress appeared possible except the grave.

To those who respect the ancient laws of religion and morality the whole, tragic story will appear perfectly summed up in the inspired words of Saint Paul:

"The Wages of Sin is Death." Mrs. Atherton's right name at the time of her death was Mrs. Arthur Eliot, although most people persist in calling her by the name under which she was noted for some twenty years. For the last three months she had been the bride of Captain Arthur Eliot, a clever playwright, joint author with Captain Bruce Bairnsfather of that remarkably amusing comedy, "The Better Ole."

The inquest revealed that she had quarreled violently with her new husband and parted from him within a week while on their honeymoon. Apparently she was tormented with insane jealousies, suspecting her husband of affairs with one woman after another. She had lost her confidence in her own once irresistible attractions.

The Earl of March, son and heir of the Duke of Richmond and Gordon, an old-time friend of Mrs. Atherton and familiar with her early history, testified as to the pitiable state of mind in which he found her. She had not been in Hyde Park and poured the story of her husband's supposed misdeeds into his ears.

Especially was she jealous of her husband's relations with his stepdaughter, Miss Nellie Cornell, daughter of his deceased second wife, a very young girl, in whom he naturally felt a paternal interest. But Mrs. Eliot was equally concerned about his alleged friendship with a circus rider named Katrina.

She made her friends and servants miserable with her outcries about her wrongs. Night after night she looked herself alone in her bedroom with a deadly weapon. She kept two revolvers and a shotgun in her house.

Her husband's brother, who called on her, testified that her fears had changed her so that she was barely recognizable.

The end came in her luxurious apartment at 47 Curzon street, London. The heartbroken beauty placed the shotgun against her once lovely head and blew her brains out. For this supreme occasion she had dressed herself coquettishly in a diaphanous costume of chiffon edged with gold.

This miserably perished a woman who for over twenty years had kept the highest social world of England in a state of turmoil, disrupting the homes of dukes and earls, and even, it is said, disturbing the serenity of the royal family.

She had helped to wreck the married life of the young Duke of Westminster. She had been a leading figure among those women who went to South Africa to nurse the wounded soldiers and started to flirt with the officers. She caused the distinguished war surgeon, Sir Frederick Treves, to seek of "the pleasure of women."

She had been divorced by her husband, Colonel Atherton, for her relations with young Captain Yarde Butler, the heir to a peerage.

She had been named in a divorce suit by the pretty American, Mrs. John Alexander Stirling, for alienating her husband's affections.

She had been offered a princely sum by a Cuban hotel, the world's most luxurious caravan, simply to stay in the city and use her fascinations in attracting guests.

After all these and many other adventures, she had found a young and talented husband, related to a famous, noble family, and then, the honeymoon scarcely over, she had taken her own life. What a drama of tangled human lives lies here!

Mrs. Atherton belonged by birth to one of the most distinguished families of England. She was originally Miss Mabel

The Former Gaiety Beauty Denise Orme, Who Married Lord Churston Secretly while Mrs. Atherton Was Suing Him for Breach of Promise Made to Her While She Was Still Married to Her First Husband.

London Dean Paul, daughter of Sir Edward Dean Paul, fourth baronet, a man of great wealth and high position at court. Her brother is now fifth baronet of his line—Sir Aubrey Dean Paul.

She grew to be a bewitchingly beautiful girl, and after several seasons of brilliant conquests in London society she married Colonel Thomas Atherton, a dashing officer of the Twelfth Lancers. This match rather astonished society, where it was thought that the reigning beauty would at least marry an earl.

When the Boer War broke out Colonel Atherton was ordered there, and his wife, like many other society women, followed him. After a time there filtered past the rumor of some amazing gossamer at Cape Town, in which Mrs. Atherton and certain favored officers participated. The Mount Nelson Hotel at Capetown was the scene of most of these revels but for a time they were transferred to headquarters near the Modder River battlefield.

The young Duke of Westminster, the richest duke in England, then barely twenty-one years old, fell captive to Mrs. Atherton's charms in South Africa. The duke was really engaged to a younger beauty, Miss Sheila Cornwallis West, who threatened to break the engagement when she heard the news from Capetown.

The Beautiful Mrs. Atherton—Mrs. Arthur Eliot at the Time of Her Death—as She Looked When She Fascinated the Very Young and Wealthy Duke of Westminster

The Prince of Wales, then on the point of becoming King Edward VII., summoned the Duke and ordered him to observe the proprieties.

The duke came to his senses at last, and credible report says that it cost him \$250,000 to be free from his charmer. Apparently the episode put a blight on the duke's married life, for, as everybody knows, his duchess, the former Miss Cornwallis West, has just obtained a divorce from him after years of disagreement.

Soon after the Boer War, in 1907, Colonel Atherton obtained a divorce from his lovely wife, naming as co-respondent Captain the Hon. John Yarde-Buller, heir of Lord Churston. The colonel took occasion to explain that this co-respondent was not the man he suspected at the time of the Boer War.

The divorce over, the beautiful Mrs. Atherton confidently expected the honor of being married to him, and was shocked when he shunned her. "This was strange conduct in a man who had written to her: 'I could not love you more. I trust you from the bottom of my heart. After all we have gone through you must love me well enough to stick to me for ever.'"

The captain made it impossible to keep his promises to Mrs. Atherton by secretly marrying Miss Denise Orme, a Gaiety favorite of that day. He is now Lord Churston and his Gaiety bride is Lady Churston. Mrs. Atherton brought suit for breach of promise against her defaulting lover, and he had to pay \$150,000 for the privilege of not marrying her.

Then society was astonished to hear that Colonel Atherton intended to remarry his divorced wife for the sake of their two children, but she obstinately refused to

accept him. No man who had once known her fascinations could ever entirely forget them.

Every day brought some new affair, dissipation or extravagance in the life of the lovely, lively Mrs. Atherton.

In 1909 Major John Alexander Stirling, heir of Kippendavie, a wealthy officer of the Scots Guards, brought a divorce suit against his exquisitely pretty American wife, naming Lord Northland as co-respondent. Stirling's wife was an actress, Clara Elizabeth Taylor.

Mrs. Stirling replied with a counter-suit, accusing her husband of intimacy with the fascinating Mrs. Atherton. The trial brought an astonishing revelation of the habits of a class of society that included noblemen and chorus girls. Mrs. Stirling complained of finding her husband sitting in Mrs. Atherton's lap late at night, but the latter explained that she was merely helping him to bear the troubles his wife was causing him.

The scenes in court were very dramatic. Mrs. Atherton, Mrs. Stirling and the many titled women and actresses concerned rivalled one another in the splendor of their costumes. A model was produced in court of the Stirlings' charming little cottage near Goodwood race course, at Amberley, in and out of which the characters in the story had pursued one another day and night.

Lord Northland was the heir of the Earl of Randolph, head of the ancient Scottish family of Knox. A little historical interest was added to the case by the fact that the celebrated John Knox, founder of the Presbyterian Church, belonged to this family. The judge granted Major Stirling his divorce on account of his wife's affair with Lord Northland, but denied her suit based

The Pretty American, Lady George Cholmondeley, Who When She Was Mrs. Stirling Accused Mrs. Atherton of Stealing Her Husband from Her.

"Whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap. For he that soweth to his flesh shall of the flesh reap corruption; but he that soweth of the Spirit shall of the Spirit reap life everlasting."

St. Paul's Epistle to the Galatians VI. 7.

on her husband's relations with Mrs. Atherton.

Mrs. Atherton, it is believed, expected Major Stirling to marry her, but once again she was doomed to disappointment. He married as his second wife a daughter of Sir John Leslie. Lord Northland married Miss Conner, a great heiress, and was killed early in the late war. The divorced Mrs. Stirling accepted in 1911 as her second husband Lord George Cholmondeley.

Hard experiences were falling to the fascinating Mrs. Atherton. She accused her own sister-in-law, Lady Dean Paul, of calling her a disreputable woman and a disgrace to the family. In 1911 Mrs. Atherton brought a suit against her sister-in-law for making these charges, and obtained the unsatisfying verdict of one farthing—one-half a cent—damages!

There were many strange stories of the methods employed by the society beauty to increase her income.

After all these vicissitudes she still possessed extraordinary powers of fascination over men. Late in April of the present year she was married to Captain Arthur Eliot, grandson of the third Earl of St. Germans. Captain Eliot was a man of talents, a veteran of the Boer War, and a relative by marriage of several New York families, a deeply versed man of the world, who already had two wives, and yet he was utterly enthralled by this modern Circe in the evening of her career!

But after a week of marriage her insane jealousies and morbid moods had driven him from her. Her youthful charms past, her old power of fascination waning, the future seemed not only dreary, but terrible. And so to escape from it she sought oblivion!

The Stirling Cottage at Amberley Near the Goodwood Races, In and Out of Which the Characters in the Stirling-Lord Northland-Mrs. Atherton Divorce Case Chased Another



Couldnt Bear to Destroy The Worn Out Money

Unique Case of Charles Turnbull—
One of the U. S. Treasury's
Trusted Men Whose Job Is to Make
Mincemeat of Old Bills—Who
Slipped Thousands of Dollars Into
His Pockets and Never
Got a Penny's Worth
of Good from a
Stolen One of Them

WHEN paper money gets worn and dirty the United States Treasury officials at Washington order the bills destroyed and new, fresh money printed to replace the worn and dirty currency.

Thus it happens that every day in the vast thousands of dollars one, two, five, ten, twenty, fifty and hundred dollar bills are retired from circulation and destroyed down in the basement of the Treasury.

Four men are assigned to this work of putting in, and to the life of a worn, dirty bill which has had a long and honorable, or dishonorable, career.

What is to prevent these four men from slipping into their pockets a fifty-dollar note, or a ten-dollar bill now and then? Nobody would ever miss this money because in one sense it is not stolen from any person or fund. It would never be raised. All these bills are dead, officially, and if a few were slipped into the pockets of "The Destruction Squad" who would ever find it out?

It has always been wondered why this money which is marked for destruction never reappears any of the men whose business it is to destroy it. And at last the expected has happened. Charles H. Turnbull, one of the four Treasury employees of the money destruction squad, has been caught with his pockets full of bills which he was ordered to destroy. And a search of his house revealed thousands of dollars of currency of all denominations which it was supposed had been chopped up, ground into pulp and soaked in water and by.

It is a dangerous infection that is conveyed by the bite of the money-bug. Charles Turnbull was bitten by the desire to put in his pockets the bills that did not belong to him.

Cashiers and other trusted employees in banks are supposed to be immune. Yet their salaries, as a rule, are relatively small; it is likely to be hard for them to make both ends meet, and it may easily happen that they are in debt. Stacks of ready cash constantly surround them, and the temptation thus offered must often be great.

The trusted bank employee is usually a man who leads an exemplary life. He has a long record of honesty and steady habits. But one day, perhaps, he succumbs. The money bug has bitten him, and thereafter the disease is incurable. He goes on pilfering until no matter how ingeniously his thefts are covered up, the inevitable discovery arrives.

Money stolen from a bank leaves a corresponding shortage. But suppose that the bank officials were to say to the employee, "Here, Charles, take this package of Federal Reserve notes and burn them." If, under such circumstances, Charles were to put a few of the notes in his pocket and burn the rest, he would not feel that he was robbing anybody, and he might consider himself safe from detection.

Now, it was just such a situation that recently confronted Charles H. Turnbull, a trusted employee of the United States Treasury at Washington. His business was to destroy paper money which was worn out by further circulation—the method adopted being to ball it in a money and unrecognizable pulp in a cylindrical tank containing a mixture of water and soda ash.

Four men, as already stated, composed the so-called "destruction committee" that attends to this job nearly every week-day

in the year. It is, of course, an important and responsible task, and involves some labor, as may be judged from the fact that during the last twelve months 1,872,236 pounds of wet money-pulp (containing 63 per cent of water) were sold by the Treasury, mainly to paper manufacturers. Uncle Sam's paper money is made of fine-st linen rags, and the pulp is of high value as paper "stock."

Treasury notes, before being consigned to the tank, have four holes punched through them, and are cut in halves. It would be pretty hard, therefore, to patch them together in such style as to render them negotiable. With Federal Reserve notes it is different. Only a big corner is clipped off these notes—before the notes and the corners, separately bundled, are turned in for destruction.

The reason for this difference of treatment has nothing to do with the story. But it is obvious that a note thus mutilated, together with a corner, will make a whole piece of money; and this is exactly the idea that occurred to Charles H. Turnbull.

Turnbull had not been in the employ of the Treasury for many months. He came, however, excellently recommended, and was appointed a member of the "destruction committee" aforementioned. His salary was \$1,000 per annum.

That is less than \$20 a week. Turnbull was a poor man. The high cost of living had made it more than ordinarily difficult for him to get along. Millions of dollars were constantly passing through his hands, and going, as it seemed, to waste. Why not save out a few of them? They would mean so much to him, and nobody would suffer injury. Uncle Sam would never know the difference.

Turnbull thought it over. Obviously, the invitation lay in the Federal Reserve notes. He made up his mind to hold on to some of them, as they passed through his hands, and give them a chance to circulate a while longer before undergoing the boiling process.

The "macerator tank" as it is called, is in the basement of the Bureau of Engraving, where all the paper money is originally printed. Thither all the cancelled money is brought from the Treasury, a distance of six blocks, in a steel walled ball like a safe on wheels.

The notes thus delivered are done up in packages. But it would not do to consign them in this shape to the tank, because their compactness would interfere with the pulsing action of the boiling mixture. The packages are therefore undone, and the notes are thrown into the tank much in the same way as playing cards are dealt at a card table.

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"Turnbull would drop a bundle of the condemned notes on the floor. Then as he stooped to recover them he would slip the bills he had 'palmed' into his pocket."

As he stooped to pick up the next package of notes he would drop the stolen one into his coat pocket. It was not nearly so clever a scheme as he imagined. In the first place, somebody present was bound to catch him at it sooner or later. Secondly, the notes, when he tried to patch and pass them, were sure to attract attention at banks, where they must ultimately arrive. Attention once called to the matter, Treasury officials would be consulted, and the character of the patching would make manifest the source from which the patched notes came.

As it turned out Turnbull never did any patching. He passed not a single one of his notes. His stealings netted him not so much as a penny. There never was a less profitable fraud.

The inevitable happened. A fellow-member of the "destruction committee" became suspicious. He thought he saw what Turnbull was doing. Suspicion aroused, he watched, and soon the thing became manifest. As a mere matter of self-protection he was obliged to report the affair to the Treasury authorities.

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Passing the Condemned Bills Through the Hopper at the Treasury Department for Destruction. Turnbull is the Middle Figure.

Judiciary Square, and is conducted by Turnbull's wife as a boarding house. Turnbull has one son, who is grown up and married.

Naturally, the first thing the detectives did on arresting the man was to search him. In his pockets were found notes and corners to the amount of \$1,441; he had made a good day's pickings. They were of various denominations, but Turnbull usually selected twenties and fifties.

At first he declared that the \$36,688, together with what was taken from his pockets, made up the sum total of his stealings; but the detectives put him through a sort of third degree, and finally he brought to light a bread-box and two more paint cans, containing \$15,584. Yet another can yielded \$1,100.

Turnbull was held in \$15,000 bail. At last accounts he was in jail, with the prospect of spending several years in the penitentiary.

He is a chabby little man, with a jolly manner. Everybody liked him. Besides being an ordinary circumstantial, he would have kept his excellent reputation and stayed honest. But the temptation was too much for him. Constantly surrounded by wealth in literal stacks, he was bitten by the money-bug and succumbed.

What an obvious pity to destroy all of that perfectly good money, when a twenty or a fifty saved out here and there would be so useful! A single twenty was more than he could earn in a week of hard work. He began by abstracting an occasional note. It was so easy that before long he was stealing a number of them daily.

According to his own account he had

when caught been stealing notes for about three months. When he had a little more, his intention was to resign his Treasury job. Only a few of the notes had been patched, and of these he had not tried to pass even one. Probably his plan was to wait until he was out of the Government service, and then put the money cautiously into circulation. He might travel, and so get rid of the notes in different cities.

As already stated, the "de-



A Medallion of Washington That Is Made of Condemned Bills. Its Actual Value Is About Three Cents, but the Notes That Went Into It Were, Before Maceration, Worth Thousands of Dollars.

struction committee" has four members. When cancelled Federal Reserve notes are to go into the "macerator," there is always one man who represents the banks. The others respectively represent the

Examining Diamond Workers at Kimberly for Stolen Stones. Similar Rigid Inspection of All These Laborers to Prevent Them from Making Away with Precious Articles They Handle Has Been Suggested, Because of Turnbull's Stealing for United States Workers in Certain Treasury Departments

Treasurer of the United States, the Comptroller of the Currency and the Secretary of the Treasury. Turnbull was the official representative of the Secretary of the Treasury.

The money-pulp from the macerator is sold in a wet state (63 per cent water) to the paper manufacturers under yearly contract, going to the highest bidder. But a few thousand pounds of it every year are bought by makers of "souvenirs" in Washington, who mold it into miniature Washington monuments, little busts of Wilson and other celebrities, and plaques in various patriotic designs, which find a ready market with strangers visiting the capital. They are individually marked as representing an original money value of \$50,000 or \$100,000—whatever amounts the vendor's fancy may attach to them—and sometimes, to lend verisimilitude, tiny scraps of real notes (such as may be torn off without rendering the latter non-negotiable) are stuck here and there on the surface of the material.

SCOTT



Examining Diamond Workers at Kimberly for Stolen Stones. Similar Rigid Inspection of All These Laborers to Prevent Them from Making Away with Precious Articles They Handle Has Been Suggested, Because of Turnbull's Stealing for United States Workers in Certain Treasury Departments

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The Dance They Didn't Mean Pres. Wilson Should See

Too Wicked for His Eyes,
Thought the Solemn Censors,
Expurgating Despite Mlle.
Flory's Rage and Tears Her
"Turn"—and Lo and Behold!
He Did See It After All!



Mlle. Flory's Graceful Back

PARIS, July 17.
In the olden times, before the war, kings would have been officially and proudly shown even worse things! In these present times English diplomats were ceremoniously allowed to look upon it without question! But President Wilson was considered too ideally pure to be permitted to take the chance of becoming demoralized by it!

It was only a Greek dance the story of which was taken from ancient Greek mythology, but it was the one thing in Paris that President Wilson was not permitted to see—that is, officially.

He did see it, however, despite the protective barriers that the authorities tried to place about his attributed high moral sense.

Of course, things have changed greatly since President Wilson came to Paris. His reputed high puritanical principles have caused the French and others living here to change their methods of entertaining ruling personages as they never did before. Until the President came nothing was too bad for any monarch. It was not a question of what he should see, but how much! The President is the first international guest who has forced a considerable discretion upon the French in his entertainment.

It all happened on the night of the "repetition generale" of the revue that was to open Sir Alfred Butt's new music hall, the Palace Theatre, in Paris. Everybody who was anybody was invited to the first dress rehearsal, to make it the most chic and important audience ever seen in Paris, to inaugurate the first modern theatre ever built in the French metropolis.

Frank Gould's good and beautiful girl had allowed Sir Alfred's taste to have full play in producing the most elegant and artistic places of amusement in Paris. The Peace Conference was freely drawn upon to further give the required cachet to the affair. All the principal diplomats and statesmen were cordially invited, including Lloyd George, Balfour, Lord Derby and others, but the real "clou" was President Wilson. When he accepted there was wild joy and excitement at the theatre and the most important box was reserved for him, right next to that of the British notables.

Everything pointed to a wonderful night, and Sir Alfred, along with his associates, contrived to make it a great success. The ever-projected high moral character of President Wilson suddenly occurred to Sir Alfred and it commenced to worry him. He was presenting a French revue, and French revues are anything but wholesome Sunday school stories. The more he thought of President Wilson's high moral character the greater his anxiety became not to offend him in any way. He appreciated the great honor that President Wilson was about to confer upon him by his presence at his opening, and the more he thought over what he was about to present to him the more wretched he became in spirit.

So, feeling uncertain in his personal judgment, he called a council of morals among his conferees and some of the English nobility, including Lord Derby, the British Ambassador, to gravely consider the delicate situation.

The entire piece was gone over in detail. The French part of the dialogue was analyzed. It was pretty raw, but, after mature deliberation, it was decided that President Wilson would not be able to understand it, and what he did not know could not hurt him. It was decided to let it stand as it was. But when they came to the consideration of the pantomime dance, "Hercules aux pieds d'Omphale," a hush as if of death came over the gathering and they regarded each other in a most disturbed fashion. Dismay took possession of all. Here was the really important number of the revue. There was no chance for misinterpretation here. It was all in pantomime and movements of the dance, no words being spoken, so it did not require a linguist to comprehend its full and awful meaning! What should they do?

Surely, the good President of the United States would never stand for this riot of sensuality. Yet, was this important number to be sacrificed to preserve the morality and purity of an American President? That was the question, and it involved a long dispute in which additional professional advice was sought by calling in a number of others.

Finally, the awful decision was made, and it was ordered to be "cut" for the night on which the President would be present.

But Sir Alfred's troubles had only begun. He had for his guiding star a most temperamental and highly excitable little French personality named Mlle. Regine Flory. She is the star of his revue, and it is she who dances in the act that was questioned and cut. In this dance she had sought, in several months of careful and arduous preparation with Mlle. Beauvais, formerly of the Opera, who now arranges all the sensational dancing successes of Paris, to take the Parisians by storm and carry them off their feet in the daring artistic audacity of the number. So, when Regine heard that her one best number was to be sacrificed for the sanctity of a President she fled into a violent rage, and anything that was loose in the room for a few minutes made rapid changes of position. It was the kind of rage that only a petted favorite of the French stage could afford to indulge in. Sir Alfred sought a bomb-proof shelter to allow the first exuberance of her anger to subside a little before he tried to discuss the matter.

But Regine found him; she cornered him with direful threats, and he could not get away!

"Why all this for see President Wilson?" she blurted out in tearful expostulation, using those expressive gestures that always seem to intensify the meaning of spoken French. She seemed to have an inferior desire and ultimate purpose to strangle Sir Alfred, but her hands never really touched him. "Ees he different can see others? Are you to sacrifice ziss one act zat vill make zee success of zee night just because you are afraid? I vill spoil ziss good man? It wont hurt him; I think he vill like it. Non, non, non, if I have not my dance, I act not at all!" And she turned quickly and ran weeping into her dressing room.

Sir Alfred, at first dejected, began to despair. What should he do? He reflected a while, during which time he sent a big bunch of beautiful roses to the unhappy and disappointed Regine, weeping a flood of tears in her dressing room. And then he sought her to try to accomplish by sweetness and tenderness what must could be done by force in dealing with a French artist. It was difficult at first, but soon Regine began to relent and finally accepted the dictum, agreeing to appear and do what other numbers were assigned to her on the bill. So Sir Alfred was allowed to proceed with the great preparations for the big night.

At last it came! The house was crowd-



One of the Extraordinary Figures in Mlle. Flory's Pantomime Dance the Censor Thought Too Risky for the President.

Mlle. Regine Flory, the Paris Theatrical Idol, in One of Her Fantastic Costumes.

ed with fashion and beauty and the boxes filled with British aristocracy, such as the Duke of Manchester, Mr. Balfour, Lord Derby, Lord Rothschild, and other important personages who were interested in seeing a London show presented in Paris in a new English-conducted theatre. President Wilson and his party occupied a conspicuous stage box next to the distinguished English party and seemed to enjoy not only the French dialogue but even the English comedians' attempts at being funny. In this he was doing better than the French part of the audience, who looked bored and unhappy.

When the time came for the great dance it did not happen! Regine Flory was in her dressing room surrounded by comforting friends, crying her eyes out in her great disappointment. "I did so want to do zat for him," she moaned in her sorrow. "Never mind," said Sir Alfred, "you can dance it tomorrow and after, so don't take it too hard, Regine."

The President did not know on that night that the programme had been especially expurgated to conform more closely with his universal reputation for purity. Perhaps he heard about it later, for a week or so after he was sitting in an orchestra chair, having told the management that he could not see from a box, and saw the dance! Much to the surprise of Sir Alfred and his associates he did not seem to find it as awful as they thought he would. And Regine Flory was much pleased.

The story of the piece which President Wilson was not permitted to see is taken from a Greek legend concerning the life of Omphale, the daughter of the Lydian King Sardanios, to whom Mercury sold Hercules as a slave. Hercules, in all his strength, became weak under the fascinating influence of the wondrous Omphale, and, to please her, assumed female garments and spun among her women slaves, while she appropriated the lion's skin and wielded the club, like a true suffragette.

It was at this epoch that the story of the sketch that was thought to be too shocking for the President to

see begins. Omphale, in all her seductive glory and luxury, is among her slaves, bored by her existence, when a faun mounts the parapet and, approaching her, tries to win her by the music of his pipes. At first she is amused, but tiring of his importunities, she chases him from out the house to regain her former quietude, even to boredom.

Immediately after she does this the great Hercules enters, menacing with his club the slaves and the attendants of Omphale. At first he resists her charms and her patronizing consideration, but finally yielding, he allows her to robe him in her garments and reclines on the cushions in an ecstatic dream of happiness.

While he rests there the faun again enters, mistaking Hercules for Omphale, robed as he is in her mantleau, begins to make desperate love to him. This enrages the mighty Hercules, who, picking the faun up bodily, throws him over the parapet, much to the consternation and fear of the slaves, who flee, leaving Omphale and Hercules alone. Still enraged, Hercules resents the mocking, deriding attitude of Omphale, and, drawing a whip from about his waist, begins to beat her into submission.

Ceasing at once to be the high and lofty mistress of her slave, through fear she grovels at his feet and tries to appease his wrath by resorting to all the tender and seductive wiles of a woman. He weakens under her irresistible charm and becomes a lover instead of a master. In a moment, unnoted dance she captivates him entirely and the curtain goes down on the lovers pressed closely to one another in a kiss that is as remarkable for its length as for its warmth of passion.

This, in a mild manner, explains the story of the piece, but the effectiveness of it could not be appreciated without seeing the realism which Regine Flory and her dancing partner, Riaux, a veritable Hercules from the Opera, the only one it possesses, displayed.

When the line between what is true art and actual indecency is so vaguely defined, especially from the Parisian point of view, it would be difficult to determine whether Sir Alfred Butt and his colleagues were well advised in putting this restriction upon what the President of the United States ought to see. However, President Wilson saw it and can now judge for his self.

Mlle. Flory in a Tragic—More or Less—Pose.

What Happened After the Cay Victory Ball

CHAPTER VII.—(Continued from Last Sunday)

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IN trying to clear up the mystery of the death of Billie Carleton, the popular young actress, who was poisoned after her gay night at the brilliant Victory Ball last November in London, Coroner Oddie summoned many witnesses, and finally called to the stand young Reginald de Veulle, much of whose testimony was printed on this page last Sunday.

Continuing his examination of de Veulle, the coroner asked:

THE CORONER: When you came from America where did you go?

DE VEULLE: I went to Paris and was engaged as a dress designer at Tollman's. I left there when the war commenced. I took an engagement in London with Miss Phelps, 28 Albemarle street, as a designer of models. They had a big theatrical clientele, which I took. The deceased was brought to me as a customer by Mrs. Watney. She was a chorus girl at the time, but later played Miss Ethel Levey's part at the Empire. I was interested in her dresses, and considered she would show to advantage with work that came from Phelps. For her first dresses I took personal responsibility on her account. She paid me back in two years' time. I used my influence to advance her in the press and pictorial papers. She was under the influence of alcohol or drugs once at the Empire, when she seemed very tired. I had previously been told by a lady that deceased was addicted to drugs. I told Dr. Stuart immediately. I met him at Miss Carleton's. I had several arguments with her about drugs. I had a conversation with Miss Carleton's maid, who told me that Billie smoked opium. I first met Mr. Kimful in Paris and ran across him again in London by accident. Kimful invited me to dinner and I accepted.

Q. Did you speak about drugs?

A. Yes, in a laughing sort of way at the dinner. Neither of us got any cocaine, but I had a brandy and soda. When Miss Carleton came to stay at my flat it was because she was worried about an American officer who had threatened to kill her. I was not present when the threat was made, but I was present when an altercation took place between Miss Carleton and the American officer. I had to telephone for the Provost Marshal. On another occasion the officer tried to break open the door of my flat to get at Miss Carleton.

MR. CHATTERTON: Was it a fact that he had proposed to Miss Carleton, and that she would not accept him?

A. Yes, that was the reason. The officer was sent back to America by the military authorities. It was on account of the distress occasioned by this officer's attentions that Miss Carleton asked to be allowed to stay at my flat. I remember Belcher calling late one evening, and Miss Carleton saying that she wanted to go to Chinatown and asked me to go with her. I refused. I have never in my life been to Chinatown.

Q. Did Mr. Belcher go?

A. He did.

Q. What time did they return?

A. Very, very late. I should think it was about 4 or 5, perhaps 5 or 6 in the morning.

Q. How did it affect Miss Carleton?

A. She was very, very ill, and my wife had to look after her.

Q. Was that on a Saturday?

A. I think so. She was with us the next day, all the next day.

Q. Now come to what has been called the de Veulle party at Dover street. Did you or your wife have anything to do with arranging that party?

A. Nothing whatever.

Q. Whom was it given by?

THE CORONER: It was given by Belcher and Miss Carleton. They shared the expenses.

MR. CHATTERTON: As a matter of fact, had you invited some people to dinner?

A. Yes, two people.

Q. And it was turned into an opium-smoking party afterward?

A. Yes.

THE CORONER: You could have turned them all out if you had wanted to.

MR. CHATTERTON: How did you first know that the smoking party was to be in place?

A. Miss Carleton came with the things for tea, and said she had brought all the stuff and had asked people to come.

Q. Did she ask you to break the news to your wife?

A. Yes, and my wife was very angry, but she got round my wife, as she said, "Very well."

Q. Did you or your wife take any part in the party?

A. No, we went to bed.

THE CORONER: That has already been proved.

MR. CHATTERTON: Was there anything indecent at all except the practice itself, to which every one objects?

A. Certainly not.

THE CORONER: If he had retired to bed he hardly knows. How about the night dress?

MR. CHATTERTON: Was deceased dressed at the party in precisely the same dress as the one in which she died at the Savoy?

A. Exactly as at the dinner party she gave at the Savoy.

THE CORONER: Did she bring a bag?

A. She was staying at the house.

Q. She could have put a night dress on after you went to bed?

MR. CHATTERTON: He can only speak of while he was there.

THE CORONER: Then he does not carry it much further.

MR. CHATTERTON: Speaking of the Saturday before

the Victory Ball, did Miss Carleton ask you to procure some cocaine for her?

DE VEULLE: Yes, and I said I would try but I had no intention of doing so. I had had similar requests from her before. I emptied the remnants of Monday's cocaine into a piece of paper and then put in the next assignment. I had not consumed all the cocaine of Monday, but my wife got hold of it, and as she thought that I had had too much she wanted to know why on earth I had the box full again. She threw the remnants away.

Q. Why did you ask Miss Carleton to call on Wednesday, the 27th?

A. Because I had a discussion with my wife, and I wanted it arranged before we went to the Victory Ball.

Q. Had there been a discussion of some warmth about what happened the previous Saturday?

A. Yes; I stayed out until 4 o'clock in the morning.

Q. With whom?

A. Miss Carleton.

Q. Where had you been?

A. Belcher's.

Q. Who supplied you with Tousey's address?

A. Miss Carleton. The cocaine that "McGinty"

brought to my flat was grabbed by Miss Carleton. We arranged before dinner, when Miss Longfellow was there, that I should go up to the table, take a gold box and take some face powder. All the afternoon Miss Longfellow was most dramatic. There had been some little friction between the deceased and Miss Longfellow.

MR. CHATTERTON: What did Miss Carleton call Miss Longfellow?

A. She called her a "snake in the grass."

Q. Referring to the letter written by you in which you said, "I am going out after lunch for the thing we discussed," what did you mean?

A. It might mean anything. I bought everything for her. I practically did all her shopping for her all the time. She asked me to get some out-of-the-way things now and again, such as wadding trimmed with roses, and I had to try several shops.

Q. Have you ever taken on any occasion more than the cocaine contained in the little phial which the coroner showed you and which he told you was a fatal dose?

A. Yes, but I think it was faded.

Q. If not, would you expect to be dead.

A. I suppose so, if that is a fatal dose.

Q. You may have done some very silly things, but, on your oath, have you ever procured for or given to Miss Carleton any cocaine?

A. Never in my life.

Mrs. Reggie de Veulle was then called to the witness stand, and her testimony completed the evidence.

MR. CHATTERTON: What is your nationality?

MRS. DE VEULLE: French.

Q. When did you marry de Veulle?

A. In July, 1918.

Q. How long have you known Miss Carleton?

A. I have been friends of the Carleton family many years before I married my husband.

Q. Belcher made the suggestion that there was jealousy between yourself and Miss Carleton over your husband. Is that true?

A. No.

Q. Were you fond of her?

A. Very. I often invited Miss Carleton to visit me at my flat. In fact, I issued the invitation, the last one that has been mentioned in court, to Miss Carleton, because of something she said about an American officer, and was present at the flat when the Provost Marshal was sent for.

He came with another officer and took down a statement from Miss Carleton in writing. On the morning of the Victory Ball Miss Carleton paid a visit to Hockley's, but de Veulle was not in at the time. I had an earnest conversation with Miss Carleton, and told her that from a worldly point of view her conduct with Reggie was very foolish.

THE CORONER: What it amounts to is this: You said to Miss Carleton it was very foolish for her to be seen about with your husband at 4 in the morning?

A. Yes.

Q. Did you say anything about her encouraging your husband to associate with Belcher?

A. Yes, I did.

Q. Belcher has talked about friction. Was there friction between you and him from time to time?

A. Just a little.

Q. What was the friction over?

A. Over drugs.

Q. Have you seen the little gold box that has been produced so often?

A. Yes.

Q. Where did you get it?

A. It was wedding present from my mother.

Q. Did you give it to deceased?

A. She sneaked it. I knew she had it. She borrowed it, but did not return it.

Q. Did you know that opium-smoking was to be indulged in at the party we have heard mentioned in this case?

A. No.

Q. Were you pressed by any one to smoke?

A. Yes, by Mr. Belcher. I did smoke at the party, but it had no effect on me, because I did not inhale. Reggie had told me about not inhaling.

Q. Do you remember the morning that Billie returned from Chinatown with Belcher?

A. Yes, she was ill for the whole day.



"THE OPIUM SMOKER"

Q. Had you anything to do with what was called the de Veulle party at 16 Dover street?

A. No, nothing at all.

Q. Was there any truth in the suggestion that the ladies were in their night dresses on that occasion?

A. None whatever.

Q. How were they dressed?

A. In long teagowns of crepe de chine.

Q. Who brought the utensils to the flat?

A. Billie did.

Q. Did you expostulate with your husband about the party?

A. Yes.

Q. What did he say?

A. He said, "Billie is going to be serious. Let the thing go on."

Q. Is it within your knowledge that your husband had in his possession from time to time considerable moneys, the property of the deceased?

A. Yes, from time to time he made disbursements on Miss Carleton's behalf, some to myself for dresses made privately.

Q. Did you have occasion to remonstrate with deceased over the amount of time your husband occupied with her?

A. Yes. She was always sending him here, there and everywhere.

Q. Were you present at the Savoy when Miss Longfellow spoke to your husband about deceased?

A. Yes. I stayed in the sitting room and did not go into the bedroom with the others.

When Miss Longfellow left Billie and my husband came back laughing like two fools. Billie said, "I have had my revenge on Malvina for the other night," and then referred to a silly joke.

Q. Did she tell you why this joke had been played?

A. Yes. She was cross with Miss Longfellow because she had insinuated about myself and my husband, and had pitted me. She said, "Malvina is a snake in the grass, and may tell you something about me."

On the Wednesday evening before the ball I dined with two directors of Hockley's, and after dinner returned to my flat to dress. I found my husband's cocaine box practically full, and was furious.

MR. CHATTERTON: Have you ever taken cocaine in your life?

A. No.

Q. Have you ever taken a drug in your life other than the one Belcher gave you?

A. No.

This ended the testimony, and Coroner Oddie turned to the jury and made a careful review of the case as it had been developed by the various witnesses.

The coroner, in the course of his summing up, said they had reached the end of that long and somewhat disgusting case. Some people might think it had been a rather wandering inquiry, but it was very important to try to get to the bot-

A rather remarkable painting by Maignon, which attracted much attention in the Spring Salon.

Miss Fay Compton, the well-known English actress



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How the Death of Pretty Billie Carleton, Mysteriously Poisoned, Has Led to Revelations of London Night Life Dissipations Which Have Startled All England and Stirred the Police to Clean Up the Plague Spots of the British Capital



ORTUNATE BILLIE CARLETON
the revelations of night life dissipations in
London which followed her death and led to
the cleaning up of the opium dens.

tom of this drug-taking habit, and to investigate the source of the supply and the way in which people who were in the habit of drugging were able to get their drugs. The medical authorities were quite sure that death was due to some form of narcotic poisoning. The next question was whether Miss Carleton took the drug herself or if it was given to her. There was no doubt that death was caused by the cocaine being snuffed up the nose.

Was it suicide, or was it death from misadventure, due to an overdose? Was there any motive for suicide? No doubt Miss Carleton was very tired after the Victory Ball. Often he had had before him cases of people who, when suffering from depression, had taken their lives.

Then there was the question of finance. Miss Carleton's credit at the bank from June to December, 1917, was \$25,000, but from January to September, 1918, only \$5,500 was paid into her account. She was making \$300 a week from a theatre, and as far as he knew that was her only source of regular income. Her account book, at her death, showed only \$45 to credit, while bills for \$900 were found in her room.

She was owing a great deal of money, and there was not much with which to pay the debts. Apart from this, however, they had the evidence of a gentleman who said he was willing to furnish her with any sums she might need in reason. Therefore the financial aspect might be eliminated.

Miss Carleton appeared to be happy and well, and talking about her future. The jury would have to consider, therefore, the alternative of death by misadventure. Miss Carleton might have taken one or two big doses and overdose it. Who was it who supplied her with cocaine, and what was his or her legal position? It was an unlawful act to supply any one with cocaine. If the cocaine so supplied caused death that person would be guilty of manslaughter.

"You may feel," the coroner went on to say, "that after all the law contains so many emergency regulations that such supplying of cocaine ought not to be regarded as the constructive manslaughter which our law contemplates. If a person does an unlawful act which is dangerous to life, if he does it negligently, and if the jury think that negligence is gross and culpable, that it shows recklessness and indifference to the consequences, that it is so gross as to show that the person doing it has a wicked mind, and if that unlawful act causes death and the jury say that there is gross negligence, then that person is guilty of manslaughter."

"That is settled law. People who do dangerous things must use reasonable care, and if this jury decide that such an act as that of supplying cocaine—if a dangerous poison has been supplied recklessly, negligently and with gross negligence, why, then, you can and ought to return a verdict of manslaughter. Such being the legal position of a person supplying cocaine, we now come to the cry of the case: Who was it that supplied this cocaine?"

"They were not likely to get positive evidence. But in criminal cases a jury often has to decide upon circumstantial evidence. To whom did that circumstantial evidence point?"

One of the first things that struck him as being highly suspicious was the relations between Miss Carleton and Dr. Stewart. From her banking account he found that she had made payments to him amounting to, he thought,

\$2,000. That called for an explanation. The doctor was a man with access to cocaine. He was a great friend of hers. Among deceased's papers was a letter from Dr. Stewart.

The doctor had denied having supplied Miss Carleton with cocaine, and, suggested, on the other hand, that he stopped her from getting it. He also said that he acted as her banker and paid her bills. This was borne out by a letter from the doctor to Miss Carleton, which showed that the doctor had been doing his level best to persuade her to give up the cocaine habit. In it the doctor said, "I will do anything to save you from that bottomless pit of darkness and desperation," and in another place he said that some of her acts were very disappointing and a shock to him.

Another portion of the letter ran: "Get over this latest craze; get over the existence of the damned stuff. Leave it to do its useful work as a local anesthetic and kill pain, not people."

Belcher was in a position of suspicion. He was with deceased after the ball, and had been to "doping parties," but there was no evidence implicating him as the source of supply.

Did de Veulle supply the cocaine? There was a mass of evidence which undoubtedly pointed to him as the man who supplied her. It was clear they were both cocaine takers, and they were both engaged together in getting cocaine. De Veulle said Miss Carleton often gave him cocaine. Was it unreasonable to suppose that he returned the compliment when he had it?

Referring to the visit of "McGinty" to Miss Carleton's theatre before the Victory Ball, the coroner asked, "Why should 'McGinty' ask if she were to come back after obtaining the cocaine from Belcher if her visit to the theatre was only to get the loan of \$25?"

Directly de Veulle got the second supply he told "McGinty" to ring up Miss Carleton, and later rang up himself. What was the message? According to de Veulle, it was to ask the deceased to come and make up a quarrel with Mrs. de Veulle. When deceased came in she inquired for messages, and when told there were none she said, "Ring up Hockley's." As she did not know of the message, why should she ring up Hockley's? And when the message was remembered she went at once to Hockley's.

She might easily have got a packet of cocaine while she was there and slipped it into her Dorothy bag and telephoned to her maid to bring the gold box to the theatre. That box was then empty, and after her death was found to contain cocaine. How did the cocaine get there? Somebody must have given it to her that day, and it seemed there was a mass of evidence pointing to de Veulle.

The coroner spoke of Belcher's question to de Veulle, "Did you give her cocaine?" Belcher said that there was no answer? Would an innocent being have said nothing at all? A guilty man might have been overwhelmed with grief and remorse, and bowed his head and said nothing. Belcher said that de Veulle remarked, "No one has ever seen me give cocaine except Miss Longfellow," although de Veulle's version of that was "No one has ever seen me give her cocaine."

It was difficult to believe that Belcher invented that, for they had found Miss Longfellow, and she described the incident in the flat when de Veulle said that he and Miss Carleton only took face powder for a joke. The position of "McGinty" and Belcher was a subject for the consideration of the jury. They were both doing unlawful acts, and no doubt Belcher, "McGinty" and the chemist would have their cases considered by the authorities.

The jury might take the view that Belcher was supplying de Veulle, but did not know it was going to Miss Carleton, as he had said. If that was so, Belcher's case hardly came within the purview of that court. "McGinty" was rather more stupid and simple than wicked. Had de Veulle satisfied them that he answered the prima facie case set out against him? Did the circumstantial evidence show to their satisfaction that de Veulle was the man who gave Miss Carleton cocaine?

If the jury found that de Veulle had supplied the cocaine, they must remember how Dr. Stewart warned him never to give Miss Carleton cocaine and Miss Longfellow's evidence that she implored him not to do so.

The summing up lasted three-quarters of an hour, and the jury then retired to consider their verdict, and were absent from the court twenty-one minutes. On their return the coroner asked:

"Have you agreed on your verdict?"

THE FOREMAN: Yes. We find that Miss Billie Carleton died from an overdose of cocaine, self-administered; that she had no intention of committing suicide. We are also of opinion it was unlawfully supplied to her by de Veulle in a culpably negligent manner.

THE CORONER: That is in effect a verdict of manslaughter by de Veulle.

THE FOREMAN: Yes, that is so.

The coroner then bound the witnesses over to appear at the next Central Criminal Court, and he added: "I commit Raoul Reginald de Veulle for manslaughter on my warrant, which I hand to Inspector Curry for execution."

The trial of de Veulle was not long delayed. His case was called in the famous Old Bailey Criminal Court before Justice Salter. The trial occupied three days in all, although there was an adjournment on account of the collapse of de Veulle. All of the important testimony that had been developed in the inquest before the coroner was again produced in the criminal trial of de Veulle.

A few additional items of testimony were introduced, and Dr. Jewesbury, pathologist at Charing Cross Hospital, was called to state his experience with persons who were victims of the cocaine taking habit. It first had an exhilarating effect, which lasted for a moderately short time, Dr. Jewesbury explained. Then the person taking it became depressed, and began to crave for a further dose.

The habit once started necessitated the taking of increasingly large doses, in order that the desired effect might be produced. The result was disastrous on the health of the habitue of the drug. It undermined the whole system, and sooner or later the person became a mental, moral and physical wreck.

Although the number of people who found their way into the lunatic asylums as a result was small, others became totally irresponsible people, unreliable, untruthful and immoral, and they would stick at nothing in the way of lying in order to satisfy the craving.

When the second day of the trial came de Veulle seemed listless and almost as if under the influence of a drug.

Since his last appearance de Veulle had been ill, and it was doubtful whether he would be well enough to be present. The divisional surgeon at Bow street, however, certified that de Veulle could attend without running any risk to his health. The court was again crowded by friends of Miss Carleton and members of the theatrical profession.

When de Veulle's name was called he staggered across the floor of the court, and, looking pale and careworn, fell into the seat of the prisoner's dock. He appeared to be exceedingly ill. His eyes were dull and heavy, and his cheeks pinched and colorless.

He was dressed smartly, wearing a dark overcoat over a suit of Scotch tweed. He carried in his right hand a soft gray wideawake hat, but the silver-knobbed ebony cane that was a feature at the coroner's court was now missing.

The unconcern and composure which marked his demeanor during the inquest had gone. His countenance was grave and anxious, and as Sir Richard Muir delivered his speech for the Crown de Veulle became restless and fidgety, and frequently glanced at somebody seated behind the dock.

Sir Richard presented the vital facts in connection with the death of Billie Carleton coldly and deliberately, and proceeded to describe the circumstances in which the actress was found dead at her flat at Savoy Court the morning after the Victory Ball.

De Veulle listened eagerly to Sir Richard Muir, leaning over the dock railing as the sordid details of the tragedy were reviewed. Occasionally he curled his lips and twitched his well-manicured fingers. Not a smile crossed his features throughout the proceedings.

The prosecuting officer then called as witness Dr. Hamilton, a police surgeon. Dr. Hamilton, passing the dock to the witness box, was stopped by de Veulle, who appealed to him to examine him. Dr. Hamilton paused and felt de Veulle's pulse. In the witness box, in answer to Sir Richard Muir's question as to whether de Veulle was in a condition to continue the trial, he said: "At the present time he seems to be on the verge of a faint."

THE MAGISTRATE: Do you think he could continue?

DR. HAMILTON: I am sorry to say I do not. He ought to lie down.

MR. HUNTLY JENKINS: Here is a man who is in a very bad state of health, and I submit to you he ought to be allowed to leave. He ought not to have been brought here to-day.

MR. HUNTLY JENKINS (to the Magistrate): I ask you to remand him again and on the same bail, but we shall give the police surgeon every opportunity of examining him at any time. It is perfectly obvious to every one that the man is in a serious condition.

THE MAGISTRATE: I shall remand de Veulle for fourteen days, and at that date shall continue and finish the case.

Thus the final chapter of the tragedy of Billie Carleton and the Victory Ball was postponed for two weeks.

(Concluded Next Sunday.)

Bathing and Beach Dresses by Lady Duff Gordon

The Newest Seashore
Fashions for Both
the Sands and Waves

She Wears This
on the
Beach in Contrast
With Her
Dripping Sisters.

LADY DUFF-GORDON, the famous "Lucile" of London, and foremost creator of fashions in the world, writes each week the fashion article for this newspaper, presenting all that is newest and best in styles for well-dressed women.

Lady Duff-Gordon's Paris establishment brings her into close touch with that centre of fashion.

Lady Duff-Gordon's American establishments are at Nos. 37 and 39 West Fifty-seventh street, New York, and No. 1400 Lake Shore Drive, Chicago.

By Lady Duff-Gordon
("LUCILE")

NEVER has the seashore provided such a kaleidoscope of beauty and smartness as this summer.

It has been a mooted question whether the Grace Woman really looks well in a bathing suit. The answer is a blanket one, "It depends upon the woman and the suit." Seashore attire is unfriendly to the extreme of type. The fat woman and the thin woman are at a disadvantage in garments for the dip into the sea. It is kindest to the woman of medium slimness. It has a depraved disposition to exaggerate a large woman into pillow-like proportions. It discloses the same perversity in clothing so tenaciously to a slender woman that as she rises from the sea she resembles a Venus less than an elongated and dripping eun.

But the woman of pleasing slenderness yet reasonable plumpness may shine resplendent before and after and during her swim. Both the figures shown here are of that moderately developed style of womanly figure which is most gratifying to the eyes of artists and all others. The first young woman in her knickerbockers and coat slip of light colored and heavy weight taffeta is as smart and attractive as in any other garb. The neatly turned-back collar, with its border of pinstriped ribbon, and the narrow ribbon sash tied in front by a large bow are smart touches. The silk turban trimmed with a large, jaunty bow at the left side and the silk stock-

ings and pumps supplement the daintiness of the morning-by-the-sea attire.

To the aid of the second costume comes the ever-effective contrast. An airon-like tunic of black satin is worn over what is really a large and glorified combination suit of white satin. A striking effect is secured by trimming the tunic with a border of white satin and the undergarment of white satin with a border of black. The skirt with long ends is of white satin with a black border. The white satin undergarment is adorned with bands of black satin on the edges, and the sides of sleeves and knickerbockers are also trimmed in the same manner.

Buttons covered with black satin are used for further trimming of the white part of the curious combination costume. The tunic is cut on straight Greek lines and fastened at the sides with white trimmed black buttons. Over the white silk stockings are visible below the knees black velvet garters. The cap is a turban of bright hued silk.

Occasionally lovely woman prefers to sit on the shore and watch her friends gambol with the waves. At such times she wears, with apparent wish to provide contrast to her dripping sisters, the sheers, freshest, most gossamer-like of robes. The gown worn on an afternoon stroll on the beach and which would serve equally for hotel piazza wear, is of white lace-trimmed chiffon. Note the presence of the seldom lacking coat.

A
Black
and
White
Study
in
Bathing
Suits.

A Bathing Suit of Light Colored Silk.

The Red Lady ~ by Katharine Newlin Burt

Synopsis of Preceding Chapters.

A MYSTERIOUS message thrust into her hand on a New York street leads Janice Gale to take the position of housekeeper at Mrs. Theodore Brane's southern home, The Pines. She is amazed to see the fear which the sight of her flaming red-gold hair excites in little Robbie Brane. The household is aroused almost nightly by the boy's screams of terror at a red-haired woman, and his nerves are set on edge because of queer noises and other things that make the servants think the house is haunted. Soon after Miss Gale's arrival Paul Dabney comes to examine the late Mr. Brane's Russian library. Robbie dies one night in a fit of terror, clutching in his hand a strand of red-gold hair. Dabney draws Janice from her room to the boy's bedside and confronts her with what he evidently believes conclusive proof of her responsibility for the tragedy. But even his most suspicious cannot shake the love she has begun to feel for Dabney. Mrs. Brane confides to Janice that her husband left great wealth, but that she does not know where it is hidden. In the library, late one night, Janice is startled by the apparition of a woman who is her exact double. With this clue to the mystery to work on, she determines to outwit whatever villainy is on foot. She hears of a plot to kill Dabney and saves his life at the risk of her own. That night Janice sees her detested double in the arbor. The next morning a letter is found there. Janice carries it to the room of her double as she sat with Paul Dabney. In the note the writer offers to translate a certain mysterious paper which Janice had previously taken from its secret hiding place in the library. Janice slips away to town, where she meets a renegade Russian priest who translates the Slavonic script for her. After memorizing this, she dreams it. On her way home she is bound and cruelly beaten by her double, who is engaged at last finding on her the paper she seeks. The next night, by a clever maneuver, Janice evades the watchers, gains admission to the secret wall and finds the much-sought treasure—an ecclesiastical robe and crown thickly encrusted with jewels. Before she can carry them away her double appears and overpowers her. While she is bound and gazed the girl learns that this creature is her own mother. She cannot leave till daylight, so the woman decides to tell Janice the story of the treasure before killing her, as she must do to avoid capture. With the help of a faithless priest she had robbed "the Virgin of Jewels" in Moscow and secreted the plunder in Theodore Brane's baggage and had since been unable to recover it. After his death she makes a desperate effort to regain the treasure.



"The figure from above landed lightly beside me and flashed on an electric lantern. It was Paul Dabney! He bent over me and drew a quick, sharp breath. 'I have caught you,' he said dully. 'It is the end.'"

CHAPTER XVI. The Second Candle.

"I WAS listening to the story," Mrs. Gaskell left Pine Cone to the regret of all its inhabitants. I don't if ever there has been a more popular Summer Visitor.

"Not many days afterward a gypsy woman came to the Pines to peddle cheap jewelry. Old Della went to the kitchen, and old Della refused to take any interest in the wares. She told the woman to clear out, but the refusal to go until she had been properly dismissed by the lady of the house.

"At last, to get rid of her, Della went off to speak to her mistress, and no sooner had she closed the door when the gypsy slipped across the kitchen and got herself into that closet. And the odd part of it is that she never came out.

"When Della returned with more emphatic orders of dismissal, the peddling gypsy had gone. Nobody saw her leave the place, but that did not cause much distress to anyone but Mrs. Brane.

"I think that she was disturbed; at least I know that she ordered a thorough search of the house and grounds, for footprints were running all about everywhere that day, and old lights were kept burning in the house all night. I think, perhaps, some of the negroes set up to keep watch. But the peddler made not so much as a squeak that night.

"She lay on a pile of blankets as had carried in on her back, and she ate a crust of bread and an apple.

She was sufficiently comfortable and very much pleased with herself. Toward morning she went to sleep, and slept far into the next day.

"So you see, Janice, there I was in the home, and I was sure that not far from me was Brane's treasure trove. This double wall of which he had evidently made use, he had built up that over flight of steps and made a floor and an inclined plane—convincing me that I was hot on the track of the jewels. You can guess how I worked to find them. But all to no purpose.

"I had to be very careful. Rats, to be sure, make a noise in the walls of old houses, but the noise is barely noticeable, and it does not sound like carping. However, I had convinced myself by the end of the third dreary day that if the robe and crown were hidden in the double wall they were very secret and securely hidden, and that I should need some further directions to find them.

"It was annoying, especially as my provisions had given out, and I knew that I should have to venture down into the kitchen at night and pick up some fragments of food. I was glad then, and all the time, that Mrs. Brane's servants were such decrepit old bodies, half-blind and half-deaf, and altogether stupid. Many's the time I've crouched behind the junk in that closet and listened to their silly droning! But it gave me a sad jump when I heard the voice of Mrs. Brane's first housekeeper.

Here she paused to adjust the rug more firmly over my aching

mouth. The touch of her cold fingers sent a shudder through me just as that of a serpent would.

"Mrs. Brane's first housekeeper was young and nervous, and had a high, breathless manner of talking, and she was bent upon efficiency. Well, so was I," continued my captor. "I had decided that, outside of the wall, there were two rooms in the Brane house that must be thoroughly investigated—the book-room where Theodore kept his collection of Russian books, and the room upstairs in the north wing which he had used as a sort of den and which, after his death, Mrs. Brane had converted into a nursery.

"I think she must have had a case of nerves after her husband's death, for she was set on having a housekeeper and a new nurse for Robbie, and she was always dithering about that house like a ghost. Maybe, after all, he had dropped her a hint about some money or jewels being hidden somewhere in the house! That was Maids's notion, for she says Mrs. Brane was as keen as a star about cleaning out the old part of the house, and never left her alone an instant.

"To get back to the first days I spent in the secreted wall. That housekeeper gave me a lot of misery. In the first place she slept in the north wing, the room you had, Janice!—I was almost accustomed to this horrible past tense she used toward me! I was beginning to think of my own life as a thing that was dead—and she was a terribly light sleeper.

"Twice as I was sneaking along

that passageway trying to locate the money, she came out with a candle in her hand and all but saw me.

"I decided that my only chance to really search the place lay in getting rid of the inhabitants of that northern wing. I thought perhaps I could give that part of the house a bad name. Once it was empty I could practically live there. I hadn't reckoned with that building of a Mary.

"It was easy enough to scare the housekeeper. I found one just where the wall of her bedroom stood, and I got close behind it near her bed and screamed. That was quite enough. Two nights and the miserable thing left.

"Mrs. Brane got another woman at once, a lazy, abandoned woman, and I waited no time getting rid of her. I simply stole near to her bed one pitch black night and sighed. She left almost at once.

"Then Mrs. Brane, confused herself sent to New York to Skane for a detective, and he played houseboy for a fortnight. I had to keep as still as a mouse. I was almost starved, for I did not dare take enough food to heart, and for a while that detective prodded the house all night. I must have come near looking like a ghost in those days.

"Thank God, the entire quiet bored Skane's man, and traversed the rest of the household. When he had gone I didn't stir myself up and did a little night prowling, down in the book room, and in

some of the empty bedrooms, with no result. Then came the third housekeeper.

"That third housekeeper, my dear daughter, all but did for me. She was a tawny little female with the sort of energy that goes prying about for unnecessary pieces of labor. And she lit upon the kitchen closet.

"Fortunately, Della and the other two women were so annoyed by her methods that they didn't take up her instructions to clean out the closet with any zeal. So, one morning, I crept there, in the kitchen sizzling and carrying on. You lazy women, I'll just have to shame you by doing it myself.

"Now, while I crept there, listening to her, it occurred to me that I had heard her voice before. I roused my frightened brain. I had never seen the woman, but I was certain that the voice, a peculiar one, belonged somewhere in my memory.

"I decided there might be some useful association. I rifled, coming into the closet and taking a look. Then I fled back and laughed to myself.

"I had known that little was far when she was a very great somebody's maid, and I knew enough about her to send her to the chair. 'Want it back! I went back into my hole for all the world like a spider, and sat there waiting for my prey.

"She did a lot of clattering around in the closet, then I knew by the silence that she'd hit upon the hole. I crept near and waited for her, crouched in the dark. She came crawling through the hole—I can see her ally, pale, dust-streaked face now! And I pounced upon her with all the swiftness and the silence of a long-legged cat.

"I stopped her mouth before she could squeal, and I carried her back to the end of the passage where, and I talked to her for about five seconds. At the end of that time every bone in her body had turned to water. She had sworn as though to God to hold her tongue, and to get out of the house to keep her mouth shut for ever and ever—amen. And I let her go.

"She scuttled out of the closet like a rat, and I heard her tell Della to leave the place alone. The third housekeeper left the next day and, as I heard her listening to kitchen gossip, she gave no reason for her going.

"But, of course, I had had a terrible experience now. I wasn't going to risk anything like that again. Besides I was sick of living in the wall.

"I got out that night and the time Della forgot to lock the outside door, and always blamed her own carelessness when she found it open in the morning.

"I had devoted clothes with me, and I tramped to a station on some distance and went up to New York. I decided to take a few of my pals in on the game. I had several old pals in New York and some introductions.

"And there, my girl, I took the trouble of hunting you up.

"It wasn't because I meant to use you at the Pines. It was just out of curiosity—mother's love. I wish I could describe the drawing room of the expression on her lips.

"You are one of the people I've kept track of. I always felt you might be useful, but I might be able to frighten you into usefulness.

"Many's the time I've seen you when you were a child, and later, when you were working in Paris. Not much more than a child then, but such a slim, little, white-faced

beauty. What was it, the world? O yes, you were a little assistant milliner, and you turned down the chance of being Monsieur de Thron's mistress, and lost over \$50 for the reward of virtue—little fool! I knew you had gone to America, but I had lost track of your whereabouts.

"I soon picked up your tracks, though, and found out that you were in New York looking for work. Your beauty has been against you, Janice, it's always against mortal and correct living. It's a great help in going to the devil and beating him at his own game, however, as you might discover if I were immoral enough to let you live.

"The instant I set eyes on you in New York and saw what a ridiculous one of your mother you had grown to be, I felt that here was an opportunity of some sort if I could only make use of it. I racked my brains, and, as usual, the inspiration came.

"I got Mrs. Brane's advertisement, so far unanswered and I handed it to you myself in the street. As soon as I was sure that you had got the job I left for the Pines. I slipped in like a thief at night, one of the nights when Della forgot to lock the back door.

"I had shadowed you pretty closely those days between the time you answered the advertisement and left for the Pines, and I wasn't a difficult matter for me to get a copy of your wardrobe. You don't know what a help it was to me that you chose a sort of informal, I know that you'd be wearing one of those gray dress dresses most of the time.

"After you were in the house I grew pretty bold and I was then I decided to get Robbie out of that

Continued on Page 30.

By Mrs. Christine Frederick,
The Distinguished Authority on Household Efficiency.

Here is a simple regimen we
recommend for the woman
who is anxious to reduce:
For breakfast eat only two
thin toast. If you are
better to take it this way

By Lina Cavalieri,
The Most Famous Living Beauty

The only luncheon that should be mentioned is a slight one of fruit which is an apple or two or a orange that is, if you really want to get thin. You must

By Mary Lee Swann,
Principal, Scudder School of Household Arts.

a woman whose business it is to help other women in their search for their expression of their individual selves; whose joy it is by the use of line and color and fabric to help them show the world to their best; whose course is to know other women like herselves, their ideas and their aspirations, their ideals and the weaknesses that make them fall short of their ideas. And thus knowledge makes her feel the more keenly the injustice that so many of them are doing to themselves.

I've known wonderful women of rare personal attraction, whose good I made in such a way that they only emphasized their ch

Miss
The
Blair
Cincinnati,
Ohio.

THE

Now a Fifth Ave. modiste permits us to make public her experience

*So absolutely sure when made
a regular habit*

"Being in a position to come in close personal contact professionally and socially with women of wealth and distinction," writes a well-known molder, "I have come to very definite conclusions about this subject."

"Until now I have had no intention of making these conclusions public. But recently I have come to feel that it is a thing to be concerned only by open discussion. If you feel that I can help you, you are at liberty to publish it."

"A woman whose business it is to help other women in their search for true expression of their individual

selves; whose joy it is by the use of line and color and fabric to help them show the world their best, this woman comes to know other women. She knows their possibilities and their limitations, their ideals and the weak-

nesses that make them fall short of their ideals.

How many women are doing themselves grave injustice!

"And this very knowledge makes me feel the more keenly the injustice that so many of them are doing to themselves.

"I've known wonderful women, of lovely figure, of rare personal attraction, whose gowns I made in such a way that they only emphasized their charm, who yet, I knew, would fall miserably to make others feel that they were wholly lovely. They didn't seem to know that the order of persons was destroying the effect of all my efforts, all the force of their own confident pose.

Use Odorono regularly just two or three times a week. At night before retiring, put it on the underarm. Don't rub it in. Allow it to dry, then

arms will stay sweet and dry in any circumstances¹

Women who find that their gowns are spoiled by perspiration stain and an odor which dry cleaning will not remove, can keep their underarms normally dry and sweet by the regular use of Odorono.

If you are troubled in any unusual way or have had any difficulty in finding relief, let us help you solve your problem. We shall be so glad to do so.

Co., 52 Blair Avenue, Cincinnati, Ohio

At all toilet counters in the United States and Canada, 60 cents and \$1.00. Trial size, 30 cents. By mail postpaid if your dealer hasn't it.

For Canada to The Arthur Sales Co.,
Adelaide St., East, Toronto, Ont.—For
France to The Agence Americaine, 1
Avenue de L'Opera, Paris—For Switzer-
land to the Agence Americaine, 6 Rue
Du Rhone, Geneva—For England to The
American Drug Supply Co., 6 North
Berland Ave., London, W.C. 2.—For U.S.A.
to The Odonoro Co., 52 Blair Avenue,
Cincinnati, Ohio.

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High Sign
No. 3.



High Sign
No. 9.



High Sign
No. 12.



High Sign
No. 2.

The High Signs of Orlando



High Sign
No. 1.

Behold, Friend!—It's a sight but seldom seen by mortal eyes! Fourteen of the Original Ogres of the Order of Orlando are flashing fourteen secret High Signs of the Brotherhood—and everyone means that you, too, should join!

"But what is the Order of Orlando?", you ask. Why, Friend, it's the greatest, most joyous Brotherhood in the world—a society of good fellows who have fathomed the secret of cigar satisfaction. And now they have dedicated their lives to spreading the glad gospel of Orlando among their less fortunate fellows—of rallying all unenlightened smokers around the Oriflamme of Orlando, and revealing to them the secret of the perfect smoke.



High Sign
No. 17.



High Sign
No. 5.

Orlando The Sign of a Good Cigar

The Lodges of the Order of Orlando are in the United Cigar Stores everywhere—and every salesman is on the membership committee. The initiation ceremonies consist of crossing the salesman's palm with a small coin, and giving the password—"Orlando."

The Creed of the Order is simple but impressive: "That you shall enjoy yourself!" "That you shall be economical!" "That you shall regard your health!"—these are a few of its principal tenets.

And with Orlando all these are possible—you can live up to the letter of the creed. Such bouquet—such mildness—such real rich quality—were never so happily combined in one cigar.

These are the joyful secrets of the Order of Orlando—the reason why its members smoke, smile, and stay happy. And it's the reason, Friend, why you too should go to the nearest United Cigar Store and turn over a new leaf—the rare, mild leaf which Nature has created for Orlando Cigars.

Orlando comes in ten sizes—10c to 15c; Little Orlando 6c. Ten sizes enable us to use a fine grade of tobacco without waste—the secret of high quality at low prices.

Orlando is sold only in United Cigar Stores—"Thank You"

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Over 1300 Stores and Agencies in Over 500 Cities. Offices, 46 West 18th St., New York.



High Sign
No. 21.



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High Sign
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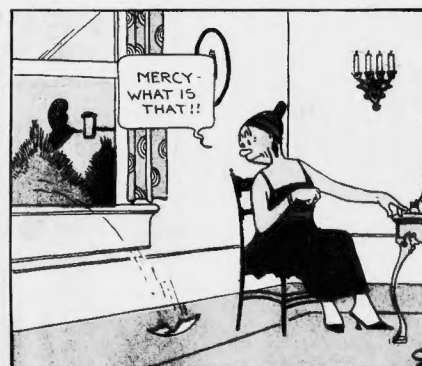


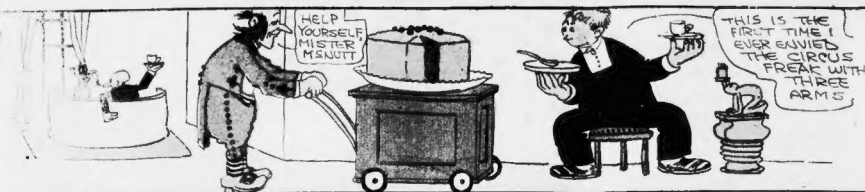
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Bringing Up Father



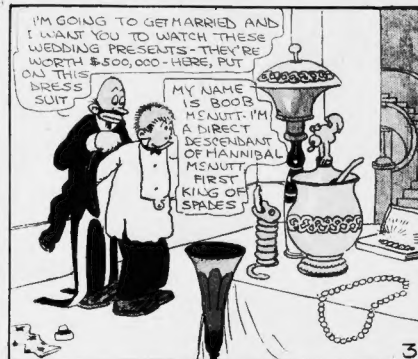


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Boob McNutt



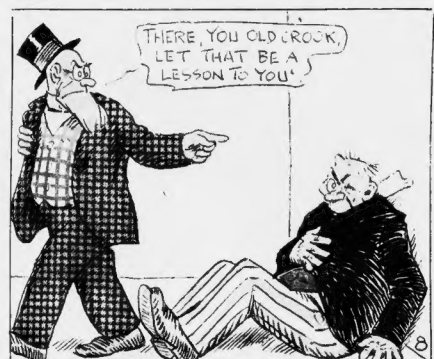
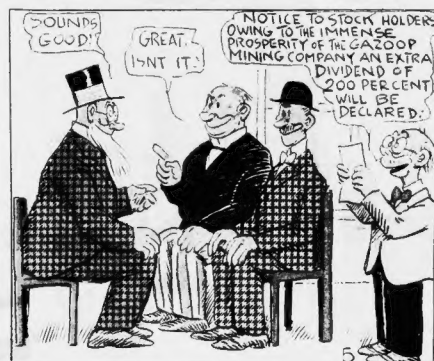
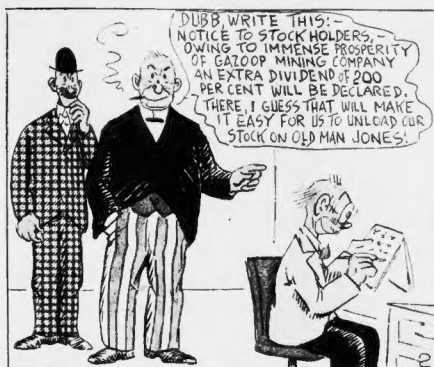


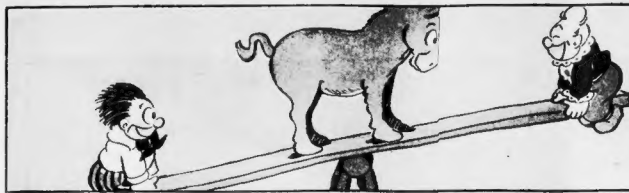
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Mr. Dubb



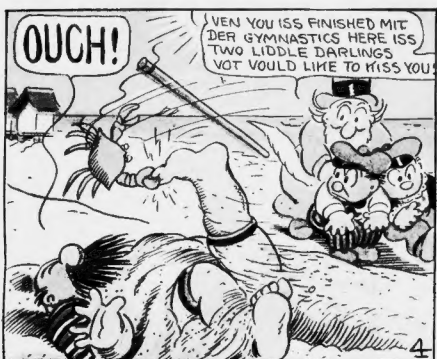


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The Shenanigan Kids



The Shenanigan Kids Live in Animated Pictures, Made by International Film Service, Released Through Educational Film Corporation of America, and Shown at Best Theatres